

A Comendation of the aduſterus viage of

the wurthy Captain. M. Thomas Stutely Esquier and others,
towards the Land called Terra florida.



If fortunes force procure,
The baliant noble hart:
In trauail, paine & daungers great,
In warres to haue his part.

If losse of goods insue,
Through baliant enterpryse:
Of for naknes, or the foresight,
Of diligent aduise.

Yet of his wurthy praise,
I can not speak to much:
Who ventreth bothe his goods and life,
His Contrey to enriche.

The worldly wise doo muse,
And also doo inbay:
At noble harts when that their welthys,
Doo fall vnto decay.

As now of late I knew,
And saw the euidence:
Of one whose part it was to shew,
The like experience.

A noble hart in deed,
And wurthy great renoune:
Whose fortune was not to remain,
In Cittie nor in Towne.

A yung Eneas bolde,
With hart and courage stout:
Whose enterpryse was only pight,
Straunge things to bring about.

And though that all men seemd,
His dooings to decide:
Yet this his fact he would not leue,
Nor throwe it so aside.

But stil he dooth procure,
With boldned hart and minde:
That thing whiche erst he had assayd,
By trauail now to finde.

Into a land vnkowne,
To win hym wurthy fame:
As requies and memory,
Of his moſte noble name.

Whiche if it fall his lot,
With fortunes helping hand:
He may wel make a lawling stock,
Of them whiche him withstand.

Same terme it Stolda,
And Sordida it name:
And to be plain they doo it mock,
As at a foolish game.

If reasons sence be cause,
Of this forespoken talke:
Or sayned folly be the ground,
Why mennes tungs thus doo walke.

Then might it seem to me,
The frenches labour lost:
Their careful pain and trauail eke,
That they therein haue tost.

The cronicles also,
Whiche only seem as frew:
And wit by them that of that place,
Before did take the vew.

The spaniards eke doo shew,
And verifie the same:
To be described as a thing,
Deseruing suche a name.

The Portingales doo say,
The crownacles be iust:
And all that trauail haue that coste:
The same confes it must.

If that in times befoze,
Through talkes men haue refrained:
Whiche for the loue of trauail soze,
Their harts haue long been paind.

Columbus as I recd,
The space of many yeeres:
Was counted as vnwise also,
As in wryters appeeres.

His earnest sute denied,
Yet in the finall ende:
His wurdz & deeds did seem at length,
On reason to depend.

The like assay in hand,
He did at last procure:
Whose life and lucky viages,
Good fortune did assure.

At thend in sauetie home,
At length he did retourn:
And quenched all their mocking harts
Whiche erst did seem to burn.

For fire of force must needs,
Declare his burning heat:
Though for a time i smothering smoke
It seemes it self to beat.

So talk of tungs may not,
By smothering through be fame:
But bursting out at length wil turn,
Into a fire flame.

And then the mallice gon,
The fire falleth down:
And quenched quite as by this man,
Whiche was of great renoune.

Now Stutley hoſe thy sail,
Thy wished land to finde:
And neuer doo regard baine talke,
For wurdz they are but winde.

And in reproof of all,
I wil not once refrain:
With prayer for to wish that thou,
Maist safely come again.

And that sum frute at length,
By trauail thou maist finde:
With riches for to satisfy,
Thy manly modest minde.

Finis. q Robert Seall.

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adiopning vnto Saint Maffords Church in the Pultrie,
by John Alde.